

THE YORK ROAD STREET SAGA - as told to Uncle E'Benn.

They met by moonlight in the old Slatcher bunker, now a memorial to “She who had to be obeyed”.

A large shadowy figure sat in the shadows, listening intently as Pip and Simply Simon outlined their plans.

“The trouble with Herospace”, mused Pip, “is that Herospace is too full of happiness”.

“Under your benign rule oh fountain of scrumptiousness, a time of plenty and fulfilment has arrived in the land, “ added Simply Simon simply.

In the shadows the great head nodded in agreement. He had chosen wisely. Who could scoff now at his methods of selection. Had not Simply Simon scored 10 out of 20 in the Sun 'Would you make a good Personnel Assistant ' questionnaire.

“We need a leaner fitter environment, to match the mood of the times, “ said Pip. “I have analysed the situation -”

“And found a solution, “ interrupted Simply Simon.

Pip gave him a glance that would have crushed a safety shoe, and continued. She had read the confidential file on the great Slatcher and knew how to deal with the weaker sex - if you will excuse the expression.

“We have located the source of all contentment. It emanates from the Yorky Road Bistro, which has once again been awarded Three Baked Beans in the 1985 edition of the Egg-on-Toasty, Mucous Good Food Guide. And I quote - “The baked beans, the highlight of a stimulating meal, had all the adhesive qualities and after taste of the very best Polyfilla, and for only twice the price.”

“I agree. I agree “ breathed the grey eminence. “And what is our plan?”

“To kidnap Miss Hevenly Pud, the cuddly chubbiness that is the essence of all that is best in baked beans a la Yorky.”

“It is the final solution, your wondrous radiance” said Simply Simon wisely. “I'm glad I thought of it” breathed the shadowy figure. “But you must beware of The Aerospace S.S.”

“I had forgotten TASS” said Pip.

“Most people have” murmured Simply Simon.

“This is work for the P Team” directed the shadowy figure. “Disbanded since the days of Blocker Sam and Mean Jean”.

“I will volunteer, o light of the world” said Simply Simon simply.

“And I also” echoed Pip.” We will strike immediately.

“Don't use that word” commanded the grey eminence.

Little did they know that Roger Disguise, Mole of Herospace had been hiding beneath a pile of B.H.S.F claim forms, and was even now, clad only in heat seeking, fly by wire underpants, scurrying to warn the Peculiarly Educational Department who were Miss Hevenly Puds very own body guards.

He found them in a state of instant readiness. Cuddly Dud already had one sock on, and Dick Doctor Quartermouse was halfway out of his pit.

“The P Team are on the march again. They have replaced Slatcher with an even more potent force, code name Pip, who though posing as a mere nothing is really the evil genius behind the restructured P Team”

“We have little time” cried Breezy Barry.” We are dealing with the nanosec reflexes of the Herospace admin-man.”

“A couple of years at least” yawned Billson the Bat.

“Not with Pip the pulveriser and Simply Simon the Scorch Earther, together with ...”

“Do not speak the name”, interrupted Richard Blott, “Lest the awesome presence materialize amongst us.”

They had not long to wait. Out of the Sun they came (not page 3), the pride of the P Team. The forward defences were quickly over run, as anti-personnel S.C.Fs rained down. An heroic half moon by Billson the Bat held them for a second, but he was soon stumbling to the rear.

A spirited stand led by Graham Studwick from behind an erection of Mayfair magazines delayed the first thrust only momentarily. Even the Heselbine flack jackets from Mothercare were of no avail.

At HA a decision had to be made.

“We have no alternative” said Cuddly Dud “We must use the deterrent.”

“But you said we would never need it. That's why we agreed to employ it.”

“I know” said Cuddly Dud. “But this is from the centre. We must use the Bat”

Undercover of a power failure Billson the Bat was transported up to the front. Those who knew the Bat well were worried. Defence cuts had reduced his curry ration to six kilograms a day. But Billson the Bat was ready to respond. Despite the Acocks Green Convention on the emission of Gaseous Emanations he stood legs splayed and with agony in his eyes bent slowly forward, and nothing happened. The fearsome Trumpeting, the evil gases did not pour forth. All was still as an April morning.

Maurice the Para, hero of goosy corner watched with horror as the much vaunted deterrent was led away, a broken instrument of vengeance. It was all over.

Only Ballcock and the Gay Gremlins (all A.I.D approved) stood between the Pip and P Team and the capture of Miss Hevenly Pud.

But come the moment, come the man.

“Attention my rosebuds” Ballcock said, addressing what was left of his Joint Operation Command, J.O.C. for short. Most were away at an embroidery convention.

The P Teams timing had been excellent.

Andy Longsword, the Boy George of Herospace looked up coyly. He was more beautiful than a rosebud surely. Had not E'Benn the rampant patted him on the knee in those dim and distant days before Wiseperson had been struck by the palsy.

“Listen my gossamer delights” purred Ballcock. “Let out your gussets, gird up your hemlines, liberate your girdles, we have work to do.”

“Oh goody.” said Phillip our little melon Collyflower, and crossed his legs provocatively. He had studied work for most of his life, and was ready to give his all.

They were waiting like uncoiled springs to follow Buck Ballcock to Hell and beyond (well Spring Road actually).

Julian Khar could contain his athleticism no longer. He sprang onto the table like a young fawn, clad only in designer long Johns, prettily patched in areas of some importance. There were gasps of delight as he performed an exquisite pas de chat throwing kisses to his admirers, of whom there were many.

“We need young Phartkins” said E'Benn. “He will save us.”

“He is a spent force” lisped Longsword. “He has been bewitched by a comely wench and is imprisoned in a semi-detached castle in the Lodge of Solihull.”

“Let us not look on the Darke side” said Ballcock. “We will use plan B”.

“We will give up and pretend we have won.”

“What a splendid idea” said E'Benn.

And so The Aerospace S.S. won another notable victory. But Miss Heavenly Pud was kidnapped by the P Team, and baked beans a la Yorky never tasted the same again.

NEXT ISSUE ---

How did the 2000 year old man found in the York Road bogs really die? Was his skull shattered by a rebounding bum roll holder of Swedish design?
Bigfoot Meadows and the Nipponese connection. All will be exposed.
Will Beery Kicks win the Sex Kitten of the Year Award?